

Gypsy Jan

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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Clayton struck off from the wood path he had been following to the main road. He had chosen the end of September for his vacation. Already summer was mellowing into autumn, the maples were tipped with yellow, and in the dark recesses of the woods sumac glowed with a color that was almost flame-like. As he walked on either hand stretched fields of alternate stubble and green grass, starred here and there by patches of goldenrod or slender purple asters. Fall sounds were in the air. Late crickets chirped. Crows cawed across the fences. Bits of thistledown floated lazily in the morning sunlight. Except for occasional farmhouses standing by the way or a passing team, the road was deserted, and Clayton was musing pleasantly on its solitude when an unexpected turn past a clump of trees brought him upon a camp of gypsies. He went forward with quickened interest.

They had pitched their tents in a little hollow through which a stream ran. In the background stood a canvas covered wagon and a half dozen lean, tethered horses. In the foreground smoldered the ashes of a fire. Round this clustered a few half naked children and some wrinkled women with huge gilt earrings in their ears.

"The men of the camp had evidently gone foraging, nor were the women slow to turn a penny, for one of them called out to Clayton that she would tell his fortune. Clayton shook his head impatiently and went on. If he had it told at all, it must be by some young, black eyed girl, such a one as he saw approaching half a mile beyond the camp, a tall, lithe creature, who walked with the grace of those accustomed to the open. She wore a red skirt, a white blouse falling away from her throat and caught with a bit of dull yellow that matched her girdle. One sleeve was torn, and her arm showed through, dusky and rounded. Her dark hair was twisted with what looked to be scarlet beads, but which upon nearer inspection proved to be rose fruit strung on grass.

"The princess of her tribe," thought Clayton. She was playing with a curious dagger that she held and did not see him till he accosted her. Then she looked up, startled.

"Will you tell my fortune?" he queried, smiling, and held out his hand. "When it has been crossed with silver," she answered, her black eyes gleaming.

"The life line is deep," she went on quickly. "You have made your way so far, for you are ambitious and hardworking. You do not come from Brierley village nor from the country round here. You are from the city. You are nearly thirty and unmarried. Do I read true?" she asked, with a swift upward glance.

"Quite true," said Clayton amusedly. "No woman has touched your heart, but there is one who soon will."

"Dark and very wealthy. You will see her this afternoon at 4 o'clock." "Well, I'm glad I'm warned," said Clayton, with a laugh. "How long have you been here?" nodding in the direction of the camp. She shrugged her shoulders.

"How can I tell? A few days—a week maybe. We gypsies do not measure time."

"And what is your name?"

"Jan," she answered, turning on her heel with the indifference of a queen. Now that she had told his fortune she seemed anxious to be gone.

"A mercenary young wretch, like the rest of them," murmured Clayton, looking after her.

That afternoon he strolled toward the village. The season was over, and most of the large hotels were closed. So were the handsome private cottages, save a few whose owners preferred the luxury of solitude.

Ardent, the summer home of Alyard, the copper king, was still open, Miss Alyard, it was said, caring more for her stables and kennels than for society.

As Clayton passed it, admiring its green lawn and well kept flower beds, a smart trap came down the driveway. In it sat a girl dressed in white. Clayton could not see her face, for she held a lace parasol to screen her eyes, but he liked the patrician poise of her head.

As they rattled past him with a gay clanking of silver harness the coachman turned in answer to some question.

"It's exactly 4 o'clock, Miss Alyard," he said deferentially. Clayton started and then laughed at himself for being foolish enough to mind a gypsy's prophecy. And yet—the prospect was alluring—a rich wife and money to pursue his studies in Paris untrammelled, for, though Clayton's name was beginning to be known in the world of architecture, it had been hard fighting every step of the way. Even now he was not free from financial difficulties, and instead of putting up at the luxurious country club which was still open to visitors he was housed in a farm at the village outskirts.

But, whether the gypsy had read his fate truly or not, there was something tantalizing and mysterious about her prophecy, and next day he went again to the camp. Jan was nowhere in sight. In vain he questioned the old hag who had offered to tell his fortune the day before. She declared there was

no such person and called on a swarthy devil-may-care young fellow who lounged close by to confirm her in what she said.

"No," he reiterated. "No, Jan is here."

It was useless to argue, and Clayton turned homeward with a feeling of defeat when, perched on a fence near where he had first seen her, he espied Jan.

"I've been to find you at the camp," he said, "and they told me there was no such person."

"They told you that?" She threw back her head, and her brown throat shook with laughter.

"And there was a young fellow there who looked as if he would like to murder me."

"You mean Zingare? He is terribly jealous. The least thing puts him in a passion. That is why he pretended not to know where I was."

"And where were you?"

"Out in the woods at the edge of the hill to see the sunrise. It was like a campfire burning behind the trees." She was as voluble as she had been reticent before, and, vaulting up on the fence beside her, Clayton sat and talked till noon.

It was only when he reached his farmhouse that he remembered that he had meant to ask her about his future, and she had bewitched him so that he had forgotten it. The next two days it rained, and on the third he found the gypsy camp deserted. A charred spot marked the place where their fires had been, and that was all. They had vanished as silently as they had come.

And no one seemed to know what trail had been taken. Clayton was disappointed to the verge of moedness. Try as he would, he could not drive Jan from his thoughts. Now he pictured her walking down the road, erect and graceful, now he fancied her crouching by the fire at night and probably with Zingare opposite, a thought which made him grind his teeth. Again and again Miss Alyard passed him in her high red cart, but he would not so much as turn to look. What were all the heiresses in the world compared to what he had lost?

In a crisp twilight as he wandered down the road some one stole up behind him and touched his arm.

"Jan!" he cried joyfully. "I've searched and searched. Perhaps," he frowned—"perhaps you and Zingare?"

"Zingare?" Her voice was full of scorn.

"You do not love him?"

"No," contemptuously.

"Then, Jan, will you marry me?"

"I, a gypsy? But your people—your friends?"

"Confound my friends! I love you!"

"Even if you find that I've deceived you as only some gypsies know how to deceive? At first, when you mistook me in my Hungarian walking costume, it was a joke—telling your fortune and then driving past you afterward—and then I meant to tell you I was Clayton Alyard and I couldn't, because I wanted to see if you'd care for me and not for anything else. And you do love me?" It was the girl and not the heiress who spoke.

"More than my life," said Clayton.

They are called the eccentric Clayton, because people sometimes meet them in the woods, walking together, hand in hand, laughing like children, she in a curious red and yellow costume and he in a blue flannel suit decidedly the worse for wear.

Economy in Interest.

It is well known that a woman will never become accustomed to banks, just as she will never learn to sharpen a pencil or drive a nail. But there is a woman, says the Washington Star, who takes this prize in financial matters, except that she reverses conditions.

Her husband held a fairly nice account at a local bank in common with her, where interest was paid on deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. One afternoon as she went shopping the wife had occasion to pass her husband's 3 per cent bank and then another which paid only 2 per cent. The more she thought about it the more complex the problem seemed.

At last, making up her mind that her husband and, of course, herself, were being cheated by a horrid cashier, she withdrew the deposits from the 3 per cent bank and turned them in at the other place.

That evening she said, "Do you know, dear, that I saved lots of money today?"

"How?" he asked.

"By placing my money in a bank that costs only 2 per cent instead of 3. It is infinitely cheaper, and—"

Facing a Dust Storm.

It is forty miles to Agra, twenty of them over rough country tracks. As we leave the town we pass a small temple where a Brahman priest is washing himself in the sun. He is an old man and the last left to look after the temple, which he will not shut up or desert, be the plague or famine ever so bad. We say a few words to him and leave a small present for the temple and begin to traverse the dreary track that lies ahead. During the conversation three of the great pillars of hot air and dust have amalgamated. An Indian dust storm is upon us. Suddenly the sky grows dark. How the hot wind roars over the parched plain! The sun is obscured by a dense haze of heat and dust. Darker and darker grows the sky, while a mighty wind seems to snatch the very ground from under one's feet, until all is lost in a very hurricane of hot, blinding, choking dust that hides the desolate scene around, blotting out both the dreary track on which we are traveling and the last grim horrors of Jagannath—London Globe.

BLOOMFIELD PROPOSALS.

Extension of Water Mains.

Sealed Proposals will be received at the office of the Town Clerk of the Town of Bloomfield, New Jersey, until Monday, November 19, 1906, at 8 P. M., for the construction of water mains in the following streets:

The prices bid must include the furnishing of all materials and labor, also the cost of excavation, refilling and removal of all surplus material.

The following are the approximate quantities:

Dirt street from East Orange line to Birch place, 80 feet four-inch cast iron pipe, one hydrant, 100 pounds special castings, two four-inch gates.

Birch street from Bloomfield avenue to Delaware avenue, 120 feet six-inch cast iron pipe, one hydrant, 200 pounds special castings, two six-inch gates.

Birch street from Franklin street to West street, 70 feet four-inch cast iron pipe, one hydrant, two six-inch gates.

Orange street, Washington avenue and Moter place 70 feet six-inch cast iron pipe, one hydrant, 100 pounds special castings, five six-inch gates.

Plans and specifications may be seen and proposal blanks had at the office of Ernest Baechlin, town surveyor, Bloomfield National Bank Building, Bloomfield, N. J.

Each bid must be accompanied with a certified check for one hundred and fifty (\$150) dollars, drawn to the order of the Town of Bloomfield, as a guarantee of good faith of the bidder. The Town Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Each proposal must be sealed and endorsed, "Proposal for the extension of water mains," and addressed to Wm. L. Johnson, Town Clerk, By order of the Town Council.

WM. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

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The following are the approximate quantities:

Bloomfield avenue from Grove street to Belmont avenue, 180 feet six-inch cast iron pipe, three six-inch gates and three hydrants, 500 pounds special castings.

Myrtle avenue from Bay avenue north 2,600 feet six-inch cast iron pipe, five six-inch gates, five hydrants and 500 pounds special castings.

Warren street from Essex avenue to Broad street, 1,000 feet six-inch cast iron pipe.

Broad street from Washington avenue north to the county line, 8,000 feet six-inch cast iron pipe, sixteen six-inch gates, sixteen hydrants, 500 pounds special castings.

John street from Montgomery street north to Morton street 400 lineal feet four-inch cast iron pipe.

Plans and specifications may be seen and proposal blanks had at the office of Ernest Baechlin, town surveyor, Bloomfield National Bank Building, Bloomfield, N. J.

Each bid must be accompanied with a certified check for two hundred (\$200) dollars, drawn to the order of the Town of Bloomfield, as a guarantee of the good faith of the bidder. The Town Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Each proposal must be sealed and endorsed, "Proposal for the extension of water mains," and addressed to Wm. L. Johnson, Town Clerk, By order of the Town Council.

WM. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

NOTICE.

The following petition has been received by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield: To the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, New Jersey.

GENTLEMEN:—The petition of the subscribers respectfully shows that they are the owners of one-sixth of the lands fronting on these sections of West street and Franklin street in which they heretofore petitioned for a public sewer.

Four petitioners pray that a public sewer be constructed in that part of the Town of Bloomfield:

Beginning at the intersection of the centre line of West street and Montgomery street; thence running along said centre line of West street southerly five hundred and fifty feet, more or less to the centre line of Race street; thence running along said centre line of Race street westerly eight hundred and fifty feet, more or less to the centre line of Franklin street and ending there.

Dated October 18, 1906:

Chas. W. Martin, 225 feet on Race St.
Oscar C. Hecker, 25 " " " "
Hubert J. Ashley, 91 " " " "
Mable Y. Edwards, 75 " " " "
Theodore W. Edwards, Atty., 48 " " " "
William Schuyler, 40 " " " "
Mary C. Peck, 50 " " " "
Margaret Beasley, 50 " " " "
John E. Wilson, 50 " " " "
per Chas. W. Martin, 90 " " " "

Notice is hereby given that the Town Council will meet on Monday, December 3, 1906, at 8 o'clock P. M., in the Council Chamber, Bloomfield National Bank Building, Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, to consider any objections that may be presented in writing to the above named improvement.

By order of the Town Council,
WM. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.
Bloomfield, N. J., November 5, 1906.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey. Between Nora Connolly, complainant, and Francis L. O'Brien et al., defendants. Pl. fa. for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court house, in Newark, on Tuesday, the eleventh day of December next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey.

Beginning at a point in the easterly line of Lake street therein distant, southerly two hundred and ten feet and four one hundredths of a foot from the southerly line of Crown street, and at the westerly corner of said lands owned by said Francis L. O'Brien, from thence running (1) along the line of lands occupied by said Francis L. O'Brien, southerly thirty-two feet and four one hundredths of a foot, thence (2) south thirty-two degrees thirty-six minutes, west nineteen feet and eighty-five one hundredths of a foot. Thence (3) north fifty-seven degrees four minutes, west one hundred and nineteen feet to said easterly line of Lake street; and thence (4) along the same north thirty-two degrees thirty-six minutes, east nineteen feet and eighty-five one hundredths of a foot to the point or place of beginning.

FRANK H. SCHMIDT, Sheriff.
Newark, N. J., November 5, 1906.
Fitch & Fitch, Sol'rs.

August 10, 1906.

ESTATE OF PIERRE I. BETTS.
Dec'd.

Pursuant to the order of George E. Russell, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

WILLIAM H. MCKENZIE,
MUNN & CHURCH, Executors.

August 11, 1906.

ESTATE OF MARTIN GAOREKKA.
Dec'd.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, temporary administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

WILLIAM H. MCKENZIE,
MUNN & CHURCH, Executors.

Oct 4, 1906.

ESTATE OF JANE BONEY, DE.
Dec'd.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

CHARLES A. KEYLER,
EDWIN A. RAYNER, Executors.

ARTIFICIAL WARMTH.

As Use an Inherited Habit and a Sign of Luxury.

With the big, restless, energetic world outside of this tropical belt, however, the matter of keeping warm is ever present, troublesome, and expensive, throughout half of each passing year.

As a matter of fact, the world of humanity dwelling in stoveland never has been in all the ages really and comfortably warm in winter. It is largely our own fault. Mankind is the only animal which employs fire in the effort to survive the cold of the winters. The hardy lower animals do not need it, however much their luxuriously equipped representatives, the dog and the cat, may enjoy it when they have a chance.

Ancient man only got himself rid of his provident coat of hair and his sufficient latent heat when he began to loaf around the family cooking stove and absorb the intoxicating comfort of artificial warmth. This faraway ancestor is responsible for the fact that the present day human being, outside of the belt aforesaid, is obliged to keep close to a thermometer registering nearly or quite 70 degrees F. from October to May, besides which he must needs wear extra clothing. This also is an inherited habit.

A traveler west once asked a half naked Indian in midwinter how he managed to stand the weather. The Indian replied: "Your face no got a dot. It no cold. Indian face all over."—National Magazine.

VIRTUE IN COPPER.

The Metal Is a Death Dealer to All Disease Germs.

"Copper is a marvelous preventive of disease. If we returned to the old copper drinking vessels of our forefathers, typhoid epidemic would disappear."

The speaker, a filtration expert, took a copper cent from his pocket.

"Examine this cent under the microscope," he said, "and you will find it altogether free from disease germs. Examine gold and silver coins, and you will find them one wriggling and contorting germ mass. Yet copper coins pass through dirtier hands than gold and silver ones. You'd think they ought to be alive with micro-organisms. But no. Copper kills germs. Diphtheria and cholera cultures smeared on a copper cent die in less than two hours.

"They have many cholera epidemics in China, but certain towns are always immune. These towns keep their drinking water in great copper vessels. Travelers have tried to buy these vessels, for they are beautiful, but the villagers will not sell them. They have a superstition that their health and welfare depend on their retention. I wish all superstitions were as true and salutary as that."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Joke Was on the Students.

When Dr. Nathan Lord was president of Dartmouth college he used to drive about in a dilapidated, old fashioned contrivance. The students became tired of seeing the concern and, though Dr. Lord knew of this, he clung to the old calash. One night a group of the young men hauled the thing out of the shed where it was kept, took it several miles down the road toward Lebanon and hid it in a spot where it was concealed by dense foliage. They were just about to depart, well satisfied with the tiresome job, when the curtain which completely enveloped the front of the calash was suddenly pushed aside and the well known face of President Lord appeared. "Now, gentlemen," he said, "you may draw me back again."

Homes Under the Ground.

In the salt district in Cheshire, England, the brine has been pumped so continuously out of the earth that the land has settled very considerably. The houses naturally sink with the earth, and in some of the streets in Northwich only the roofs are visible. The houses are inhabited, although the rooms are underground. In a great many cases additional stories have been added, so that by living in the upper rooms the residents may have some light and air. The roadways sink, too, but are kept up to the proper level by the government.

He Said.

"Don't waste your time in clipping off the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his ax at the foot of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy, and then he went fishing. Truly there is nothing so beautiful as filial obedience. —Strand Magazine.

One View of It.

"But if she makes all her own dresses I should think she'd be a good wife for you. It shows she's industrious and sensible."

"Not for me, thank you. It simply shows how poor her father must be." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Hit It.

"You can't guess what sister said about you just before you came in, Mr. Higgleston," said little Johnnie.

"I haven't an idea in the world, Johnnie."

"That's it. You guessed it the very first time."

The Difference.

Tell a woman her face is her fortune and she is complimented. Hint to a man that his check is his most valuable asset and he is likely to get mad. —Chicago Record-Herald.

He who reads only what pleases never grows very learned.

ROBERT S. OSBORNE, Pres.,
Newark, N. J.

ARTHUR S. MARSELLIS, Sec'y and Treas.
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